The Heart's Guests.

When age has cast its shadows
O'er life's declining way—
When evening twilight gathers
Round our retiring day,
Then shall we sit and ponder
On the dim and shadowy past;
In the heart's silent chamber
The guests will gather fast.

Guests that in youth we cherished
Shall come as long before,
And we shall hold communion
As in the days of yore:
They may be dark and sombre,
They may be bright and fair,
But the heart will have its chamber,
And the guests will gather there.

How shall it be, my sisters—
Who shall be our hearts' guests?
How shall it be, my brothers,
When life's shadow on us rests?
Shall we not 'mid the silence
Hear voices, sweet and low,
Speak the old familiar language,
The words of long ago?

Shall we not see dear faces
Sweet smiling as of old,
Till the mists of that lone chamber
Are sunset clouds of gold—
When age has cast its shadows
O'er life's declining way,
And evening twilight gathers
Round our retiring day?

Washington Allston.

The following remarks were written by Mrs. Lee, of Boston, very soon after the death of the distinguished artist, to preserve the reminiscences of a visit to his studio:

There are no recollections more useful than those connected with departed worth. The memory of the good operates as a talisman against evil spirits; they come not near the place hallowed by the recollection of the pure on earth, who are now the blessed in Heaven.

It is refreshing to the mind and heart to quit this every-day working world, and dwell on genius and excellence, as we knew them embodied, with the certainty that no blight can come over them, and that they are safe from the vicissitudes of human change.

A visit to the studio of Washington Allston, was always deeply interesting; but now he is no more, the recollection of it is like one of his own pictures, softened and blended by an aerial atmosphere.

On the morning of a cold autumnal day, I was invited by him to visit his painting-room. As we proceeded to it, at a short distance from his house, the leaves were falling around, and the foliage had assumed the variety of tints so striking in our American scenery. His residence was a few miles from the city of Boston, and not far distant from the classic halls of Cambidge University; it was one which happily combined retirement, with opportunities for society.

When we arrived at the large unornamented building, he requested me to wait in a little porch or ante-room, while he made a few preparations. In a short time I was summoned. The room was large and unfurnished, lighted by a sky-light, and windows near the ceiling. Before one of his beautiful pictures, yet unfinished, was placed an arm-chair. To this he conducted me, saying, with a smile: "I have been sweeping a place for you; I seldom pay my guests such a compliment."

On the easel before me was the picture of King John, nearly completed. "I intend," said he, "to devote the next six months to this, and when it is finished, I shall give myself a little time for visiting my friends in Boston." It was a noble picture and seemed to me hardly to require six months of labor.

Against the wall hung a curtain, extending nearly across the building. Behind this was his "Belshazzar," already the work of many years. Would that a *hand-writing on the wall* had warned him to hasten the completion.

A finished picture stood on an easel, which he called the sisters; one of the heads was in the rich glowing coloring of Titian. It was singularly calculated to call forth the imagination; a historiette seemed at once to present itself to the mind.

He took a number of unfinished sketches from a closet; among them was one representing the fairies dispersing at the dawn of day; some were ascending, others hovering in mid-air; two yet lingered on the sea-shore; they were lovers, and too deeply absorbed in each other to heed the orient tinge of morning. This was one of his happy touches of nature.

He also exhibited a number of sea-sketches, but little more than outlined, yet all full of life and meaning. The gathering storm was perfectly delineated; the heavy and threatening cloud, the rushing wind, and mountain wave; and there, too, was the traveler of the deep, a noble vessel, struggling with the elements.

One sketch he exhibited in a more finished state. It was the Una of his favorite Spenser, sleeping in a wood. The wood, the waterfall, and the whole of the landscape were before you, and on one side the recumbent form of the graceful Una, the representative of *truth*.

"I was satisfied with my sketch of the landscape and the figure," said the master, "but after all, it was only a girl sleeping in a wood; suddenly the idea arose to my mind of making all the light of the picture proceed from the figure, and I found my desire at once accomplished."

What a noble effect of his pencil, to produce such an illustration of the light of truth! It was a beautiful sketch. I could not turn my eyes from it; as we both stood looking at it, he repeated, in his clear, low voice, the following lines from the third canto of Spenser's "Fairie Queene:"

"From her fayre head her fillet she undight,
And lay'd her state aside: her angel face,
As the great eye of Heaven shyned bright,
And made a sunshine in the shady place
Did never mortal eye behold such heavenly grace."

He had but one more step to take, to complete the originality of his design, and that was, to exclude all other rays of light from the picture, making Una the Sun.

I urged him most earnestly to finish the picture. "I think," said he, "of taking the same design, and making Una as large as life."

"But why not complete this, first?" I asked.

"I cannot do both," he replied; "it would take too much time."

I had a presentiment that Una's fate was sealed, and that the light of truth, as there represented, would never irradiate our lower world. I was right; the sketch alone remains.

He related the little anecdote of Spenser, when Poet Laureate to Elizabeth, which has been recorded elsewhere. She thought his salary of fifty pounds unequal to his merit, and requested Burleigh to make him a present of one hundred pounds. The minister replied that it was "too much for a song." "Give him, then," said the maiden Queen, "as much as you ought in reason." Burleigh, not exactly appreciating the genius of song, did nothing. At length Elizabeth received from her Poet Laureate, this impromptu:

"I was promised at a time,
To have reason for my rhyme;
From that time until this season,
I received nor rhyme nor reason."

The hundred pounds was immediately sent to him.

I had often visited the studio of Allston, in company with others. He was fond of exhibiting his finished pictures to a few friends, before they were separated from him; but I had never been alone with him there.

The large, unfurnished building, with its peculiar light, brought to my imagination the studios of the old painters, of Michael Angelo, Raphael, and the Carraccis, who, I thought, would choose just such a place for their sublime labors.

His "Monaldi" is a novel, written in a pure classic style, with all the delicate touches of a painter and a poet. It was composed twenty years since, and the fashion of fiction changes. An Othello tale of jealousy has now little chance of coping with modern productions of every-day life, which are brought home to the heart by daily incidents. It lies before me, inscribed by his honored hand; and as I look over the pages, it seems to me to have rather the grace of a poem, than the machinery of a nevel, and might be classed with Tasso's beautiful episodes. He proved that he was master of the lyre, by a little volume of poems published many years since, and which I believe is now extant. One poem, entitled "The Paint King," has been generally circulated, and demonstrates the sportive power of his imagination. His friends are earnestly looking for a memoir of him, which they understand is to include his literary works.

I have seen him, many years ago, in a select evening party, waxing brighter and brighter, till becoming the hero of the scene he enacted the chivalrous knight, and knelt to a "lady fayre" temporarily selected for the object of his fanciful homage; yet his very gaiety was in keeping, and preserved a character of classic taste.

My pen has dwelt longer on this subject than I intended; and having begun it is difficult to arrest its course. Difficult!—Alas no. He who partook so largely of the art divine—who, when he laid aside the magic wand of his pencil, could be the life and solace, and joy of the domestic circle; who, by his inimitable "ghost stories," could transport us to the shadowy land of departed spirits, has himself gone there, and his remains are deposited in the silent grave. Difficult to stay my pen? Alas! no; it falls powerless from my hand.

A Story of Mount Etna.

Giuseppe, a young vine-grower in a village at the foot of the mountains looking towards Messina, was in love with Maria, the daughter of the richest bee-master of the place; and his affection, to the great displeasure of the father, was returned. The old man, though he had encouraged him at first, wished her to marry a young profligate in the city, because the latter was richer and of a higher stock; but the girl had a great deal of good sense as well as feeling, and the father was puzzled how to separate them, the families having been long acquainted. He did everything in his power to render the visits of the lover uncomfortable to both parties, but as they saw through his object, and love can endure a great deal, he at length thought himself compelled to make use of insult. Contriving, therefore, one day to proceed from one mortifying word to another, he took upon him, as if in right of offence, to anticipate his daughter's attention to the parting guest, and show him out of the door himself, adding a broad hint that it might be as well if he did not return very soon. 'Perhaps, Signor Antonio,' said the youth, piqued at last to say something harsh himself, 'you do not wish the son of your old friend to return at all.' 'Perhaps not,' said the bee-master. 'What,' said the poor lad, loosing all the courage of his anger in the terrible thought of his never having any more of those beautiful lettings out of the door by Maria—'what, do you mean to say I may not hope to be invited again, even by yourself?—that you yourself will never again invite me, or come to see me?' 'Oh, we shall all come, of course, to the great Signor Giuseppe,' said the old man, looking scornful, 'all cap in hand.' 'Nay, nay,' returned Giuseppe, in a tone of propitiation; 'I'll wait till you do me the favor to look in some morning, in the old way, and have a chat about the French: and perhaps,' added he, blushing, 'you will then bring Maria with you, as you used to do; and I won't attempt to see her till then.' 'Oh, we'll all come, of course,' said Antonio, impatiently, 'cat, dog, and all; and when we *do*,' added he, in a very significant tone. 'you may come again yourself.' Giuseppe tried to laugh at this jest, and thus still propitiate him; but the old man, hastening to shut the door, angrily cried, 'Aye, cat, dog, and all, and the cottage besides, with Maria's dowry along with it; and then you may come again, *and not till then*.' And so saying, he banged the door, and giving a furious look at poor Maria, went into another room to scrawl a note to the young citizen. The young citizen came in vain, and Antonio grew sulkier and angrier every day, till at last he turned his latter jest into a vow; exclaiming with an oath, that Giuseppe should never have his daughter, till he (the father,) daughter, dog, cat, cottage, bee-hives, and all, with her dowry of almond-trees, to boot, set out some fine morning to beg the young vine-dresser to accept them. Poor Maria grew thin and pale, and Giuseppe looked little better, turning all his wonted jests into sighs, and often interrupting his work to sit and look towards the said almond-trees, which formed a beautiful clump on an ascent upon the other side of the glen, sheltering the best of Antonio's bee-hives, and composing a pretty dowry for the pretty Maria, which the father longed to see in the possession of the flashy young citizen. One morning, after a very sultry night, as the poor youth sat endeavoring to catch a glimpse of her in this direction, he observed that the clouds gathered in a very unusual manner over the country, and then hung low in the air, heavy and immovable. Towards Messina the sky looked so red, that at first he thought the city on fire, till an unusual heat affecting him, and a smell of sulphur arising, and the little river at his feet assuming a tinge of a muddy ash color, he knew that some convulsion of the earth was at hand. His first impulse was a wish to cross the ford, and, with mixed anguish and delight, to find himself again in the cottage of Antonio, giving the father and daughter all the help in his power. A tremendous burst of thunder and lightning startled him for a moment; but he was proceeding to cross, when his ears tingled, his head turned giddy, and while the earth heaved beneath his feet, he saw the opposite side of the glen lifted up with a horrible deafening noise, and then the cottage itself, with all around it, cast, as he thought, to the ground, and buried forever. The sturdy youth, for the first time in his life, fainted away. When his senses returned, he found himself pitched back into his own premises, but not injured, the blow having been broken by the vines. But on looking in horror towards the site of the cottage up the hill, what did he see there? or rather, what did he *not* see there? And what *did* he see, forming a new mound, furlongs down the side of the hill, almost at the bottom of the glen, and in his own homestead? Antonio's cottage:—Antonio's cottage, with the almond-trees and the beehives and the very cat and dog, and the old man himself and the daughter (both senseless,) all come, as if, in the father's words, to beg him to accept them! Such awful pleasantries, so to speak, sometimes take place in the middle of Nature's deepest tragedies, and such exquisite good may spring out of evil. For it was so in the end, if not in the intention. The old man (who, together with his daughter, had only been stunned by terror) was superstitiously frightened by the dreadful circumstance, if not affectionately moved by the attentions of the son of his old friend, and the delight and transport of his child. Besides, though the cottage and the almond-trees, and the beehives had all come miraculously safe down the hill (a phenomenon which has frequently occurred in these extraordinary *landslips*,) the flower gardens, on which his bees fed, were almost all destroyed, his property was lessened, his pride lowered; and when the convulsion was well over, and the guitars were again playing in the valley, he consented to become the inmate, for life, of the cottage of the enchanted couple.—*Leigh Hunt's Jar of Honey.*

Scandal.

Nothing's too high, too low, too near, too far for
Scandal;
She speeds upon a moonbeam, and tells tales
Of fair Diana and Endymion;
Cautions the stars 'gainst Jupiter's amours;
Something of Leda's swan and showers of gold;
Swears Saturn ate his children; nay, what's
more,
That Venus is no credit to the skies,
And marvels how the heavens can harbor her.
To maidens lacking partners for the dance
She speaks of rival beauties, of false teeth,
Dyed locks, and padded shapes, and cheeks of
rose—
Blushes just born of vegetable rouge—
Flirtings, coquettings, jiltings, and intrigues.
And thus she laughs through life: for each she
whips,
She's twenty laughers to enjoy the lash.
Leave but their own backs scoreless, half the
world
Will laugh to see the other half exposed.
So Scandal keeps her audience.
[*Swain's Dramatic Chapters.*

The Choice of a Helpmate.

There are other motives and circumstances besides those connected with prudence, which, in the case of men, militate against early marriages. If their passion (as it happens with most first passions) have issued in a disappointment, and if they have passed through their disappointment without being betrayed, by the heart's abhorrence of its vacuum, into some immediate marriage of the *pis-aller* kind, resorted to for mere purposes of repose, they will probably find that a first seizure of the kind guarantees them for a certain number of years against a second. In the meantime, the many interests, aspirations, and alacrities of youth, its keen pursuits and its fresh friendships, fill up the measure of life, and make the single heart sufficient to itself. It is when these things have partly passed away, and life has lost something of its original brightness, that men begin to feel an insufficiency and a want. I have known it to be remarked by a Roman Catholic Priest, as the result of much observation of life amongst his brethren, that the pressure of their vow of celibacy was felt most severely towards forty years of age.

If a man have fairly passed that period without marrying, or attempting marriage, then, I think, or very soon after, he may conclude that there is no better fortune in store for him, and dispose himself finally for the life celibate.—*Taylor's Notes from Life.*

Match-making.

But if an unreasonable opposition to a daughter's choice be not to prevail, I think that, on the other hand, the parents, if their views of marriage be pure from worldliness, are justified in using a good deal of management—not more than they very often do use, but more than they are wont to avow, or than society is wont to countenance—with a view to putting their daughters in the way of such marriages as they can approve. It is the way of the world to give such management an ill name—probably because it is most used by those who abuse it to worldly purposes; and I have heard a mother pique herself on never having taking a single step to get her daughters married—which appeared to me to have been a dereliction of one of the most essential duties of a parent. If the mother be wholly passive, either the daughters must take steps and use management for themselves (which is not desirable,) or the happiness and the most important interests of their lives, moral and spiritual, must be the sport of chance, and take a course purely fortuitous; and in many situations, where unsought opportunities of choice do not abound, the result may be not improbably such a love and marriage as the mother and every one else contemplates with astonishment. Some such astonishment I recollect to have expressed on an occasion of the kind to an illustrious poet and philosopher, whose reply I have always borne in mind, when other such cases came under my observation:—"We have no reason to be surprised, unless we knew what may have been the young lady's opportunities. If Miranda had not fallen in with Ferdinand, she would have been in love with Caliban."—*Taylor's Notes from Life.*

Authors.

How and where do authors write, are questions thus answered by a correspondent of the Home Journal:

Lest any romantic reader of charming L. E. L. should be led to believe that her passion breathing poems were born in some fairy bower, under a midsummer sky, warm, rich, and glowing as her own Italian soul, a friend of hers has recorded that she wrote in "a homely-looking, almost uncomfortable room, fronting the street, and barely furnished."

After this let no one ask, where the pen first traced the soft imaginings—the exquisite pictures of St. Agnes' Eve. One would wish no visions of narrow tables, "worn writing desks," and "high backed chairs," to come between him and Madeline "asleep in the lap of legends old;" with that pure, dreaming face bathed in the "pale, silver twilight of the 'fading morn.'"

And Shelley's song of melting sweetness, where had it birth?—that song the very essence of all that is beautiful in passion

"The wandering airs they faint
On the dark, the silent stream,
The champak-odors fail
Like sweet thoughts in a dream."

Were not those lines written while floating on some moonlit sea, in a love-freighted bark, "with none to share it but thee and me,"—swayed gently to and fro, over the rippling waters, with the soul sinking to soft slumber, "lulled by the music of its measured motion?" Believe it I pray you.

Campbell wrote best in the morning, calmly with a heart which throbbed never so tumultuously but he could pause to count its beatings; Byron, when night and darkness, and storm accorded with the lightning elements of his soul.

Campbell once said, "I have ever been an early riser, and have done the chief part of my writing before breakfast. * * * * One's thoughts then are purer—one's feelings more spiritual."

A clear-minded divine of New England, a deep thinker and fine scholar, chooses night, after a day of severe toil in the open air, believing that then the mind is strongest, the judgment clearest.

Jean Paul, the only one—the man divinely commissioned to write—sitting in that little room, with his bustling mother's household affairs, and sometimes the chatter of gossipping women going on around him, wrote those beautiful extravagancies, those sun-bright thoughts, those strange conceits, over all which fell a golden radiance from his cheerful spirit.

In a quiet part of London, not far from the Thames, in a second-story chamber, is Carlyle's thought-shop. Why is it not in some wild place of that picturesque Scotland, whose craggy roughness seems stamped with an iron hand upon his rocky nature?

Goldsmith wrote hopefully, courageously, from his meagre garret. Thompson sketched pictures of the morning while too indolent to go forth to breathe its freshness—to behold its beauty.

"How does Barry Cornwall write?" and where?

"Seated beside this sherris wine
And near to books and shapes divine
Which poets and the painters past
Have wrote in lines that aye shall last—
E'en I, with Shakspeare's self beside me,
And one whose tender talk shall guide me
Thro' fears and pains and troublous themes
Whose smile doth fall upon my dreams
Like sunshine on a stormy day." * *

Barry Cornwall writes in his *home*—a home whose domestic happiness is refined by the purest intellectual enjoyment—a home which is a sanctuary, in whose cool, delicious stillness, a weary heart in man, shaking off the spirit-staining dust of the world at its threshold, could enter, asking and finding peace and sweet repose. With the mother and the child—his fair wife and "golden tressed" Adelaide beside him, what wonder that his fireside fancies should shape themselves in loving poesy!

Felicia Hemans and L. E. L. wrote with the deepest enjoyment to the tones of music.

Letters.

Perhaps in Vanity Fair there are no better satires than letters. Take a bundle of your dear friend's of ten years back—your dear friend whom you hate now.—Look at a file of your sister's; how you clung to each other till you quarrelled about the twenty pound legacy! Get down the round-hand scrawls of your son who has half broken your heart with selfish undutifulness since; or a parcel of your own, breathing endless ardor and love eternal, which were sent back by your mistress when she married the Nabob—your mistress for whom you now care no more than for Queen Elizabeth. Vows, love promises, confidences, gratitude, how queerly they read after a while! There ought to be a law in Vanity Fair ordering the destruction of every written document (except receipted tradesmen's bills) after a certain brief and proper interval. Those quacks and misanthropes who advertise indelible Japan ink, should be made to perish along with their wicked discoveries. The best ink for Vanity Fair use would be one that faded utterly in a couple of days, and left the paper clean and blank, so that you might write on it to somebody else.—*Vanity Fair.*

Love One Another.

A certain bishop who lived some hundred years ago, and who was very unlike what is reported of her Majesty's new almoner; also very unlike the Christian bishops of old, before titles were invented for them; very unlike Fenelon too, who nevertheless had plenty of titles; very unlike St. Francis de Sales, who was for talking nothing but 'roses;' very unlike St. Vincent de Paul, who founded the Sisterhood of Charity; very unlike Rundle, who 'had a heart,' and Berkeley who 'had every virtue under heaven,' and that other exquisite bishop (we blush to have forgotten his name,) who was grieved to find that he had a hundred pounds at his bankers, when the season had been so bad for the poor;—this highly unresembling bishop, who, nevertheless, was like too many of his brethren,—that is to say, in times past (for there is no bishop now, at least in any quarter of England, who is not remarkable for meekness, and does not make a point of turning his right cheek to be smitten, the moment you have smitten his left)—this unepiscopal and yet not impossible bishop, we say, was once accosted, during a severe Christmas, by a parson-Adams kind of inferior clergyman, and told a long story of the wants of certain poor people, of whose cases his lordship was unaware. What the dialogue was, which led to the remark we are about to mention, the reporters of the circumstance do not appear to have ascertained; but it seems that the representations growing stronger and stronger on one side, and the determination to pay no attention to them acquiring proportionate vigor on the other, the clergyman was moved to tell the bishop, that his lordship did not understand his eleven commandments.

"Eleven commandments!" cried the bishop; "why, fellow, you are drunk. Who ever heard of an eleventh commandment? Depart, or you shall be put in the stocks."

"Put thine own drunken pride and cruelty in the stocks," retorted the good priest, angered beyond his Christian patience, and preparing to return to the sufferers for whom he had pleaded in vain. "I say there are eleven commandments, not ten, and that it were well for such flocks as you govern, if it were added, as it ought to be, to the others over the tables in church. Does your lordship remember—do you in fact know anything at all of Him who came on earth to do good to the poor and woful, and who said, "Behold I give unto you a *new commandment*, Love one another."—*Leigh Hunt's Jar of Honey.*

Man's Love.

Oh! Fanny, do not sigh for me,—
I shall not sigh for you;
With heart unfettered, light and free,
I smile a last adieu.
Tho' strewed with flowers the sportive hours
With Fanny that flew by,
I could not stay another day,
For India's gold—not I!—
For still my bounding heart is free,
And longs for something new;
Then, Fanny, do not sigh for me,—
I shall not sigh for you!

The bird that hath not built its nest,
Is not more free than I;
The butterfly is not more blest—
From sweet to sweet I fly.
My pathway lies through sparkling eyes,
I count them o'er and o'er;
Each dawning light appears more bright
Than that which shone before!
For ah! to love them all I'm free,
(I'll use that freedom too!)
Then, Fanny, do not sigh for me,—
I shall not sigh for you!
[*Sharpe's Magazine.*

The Glass of Bohemia.

This beautiful article is manufactured in various parts of Germany, chiefly in Bohemia, and always in the woody, mountainous districts. The materials from which the glass is formed, consist chiefly of the same as those used in England; the manufacturers themselves seem to believe that there is no difference except in the proportions of the materials, and in the fuel, which is exclusively wood, and produces, by a little attention, a more constant and intense heat than can be produced by any coal; the feeding the furnace with the latter material, they say, creates a change in the temperature detrimental to the fluid above, and never sufficiently intense. The wooded mountains of Bohemia are entirely inhabited by a population whose industry, morals, hospitality, and kindliness of manners, do honor, not only to this rich and beautiful kingdom, but to the whole human race. Clean to a proverb in their houses and persons, hospitable and amiable in their manners, simple in their habits, cheerful and devoted in their religion, they form, perhaps, the happiest community in the world. In passing through the country, a stranger would never find out that he was in a manufacturing district, but might fancy himself in the green valleys of a partly pastoral, partly agricultural people.—Thickly inhabited, the beautiful little cottages, clustered into villages, or scattered along the glens, or sides of the hills, are umbowered with fruit trees, and encircled with shrubs and flowers, which each cottager cultivates with a zeal peculiar to his race; on every side rich fields of grain or pasture stretch out like a vast enamelled carpet between the hills, which are clothed in dense forests of spruce, fir, pine, and beech; filled with deer, roe, and capercalzie; they extended in every direction, far beyond the reach of the eye, one vast cloud of verdure. The fabriques or factories are placed generally in the middle of one of these villages, the extent of which can only be known by going from house to house; so closely is each hid in its own fruit-bowers, and so surrounded by shrubs and flowers, that the eye can only pick up the buildings by their blue smoke, or get a glimpse of them here and there as you advance; thus some of the villages are elongated to three miles, forming the most delicious walk along its grassy road, generally accompanied by a stream, always overhung by a profusion of wild flowers, the mountain ash, and weeping birch; many of the former only to be found in our gardens. *Art-Union Journal.*

First Impressions of the East.

There lay the town (Smyrna) with minarets and cypresses, domes and castles; great guns were firing off, and the blood-red flag of the Sultan flaring over the fort ever since sunrise; woods and mountains came down to the gulf's edge, and as you looked at them with the telescope, there peeped out of the general mass a score of pleasant episodes of Eastern life: there were cottages with quaint roofs; silent cool kiosks, where the chief of the eunuchs brings down the ladies of the harem. I saw Hassan, the fisherman, getting his nets; and Ali Baba going off with his donkey to the great forest for wood. * * * * A man only sees the miracle once; though you yearn after it ever so, it won't come again. I saw nothing of Ali Baba and Hassan the next time we came to Smyrna, and had some doubts (recollecting the badness of the inn) about landing at all. A person who wishes to understand France and the East should come out in a yacht to Calais or Smyrna, land for two hours, and never afterwards go back again.—*Journey from Cornhill to Cairo.*

Ancient Ships.

Ships had usually several banks of oars rising one above another, in the manner of stairs. On going on board a ship, you would first step on the side. This was the first bank of oars. Here the rowers had short oars. The next step was higher and farther from the sea. This was the second bank of oars. Here the rowers had longer oars. The next step was the third bank of oars. Here the rowers had still longer oars, and, consequently, the work was harder, and the men had higher pay. Some of the ancient ships had two rudders on each side, afterwards they had a rudder at each end; but at length they had a rudder only in the stern, and the prow or bow of the ship became ornamented with a figure head. The ships of war were not adapted for carrying any cargo; the chief object was swiftness in rowing. The men could never sleep, nor even conveniently eat on board. In their naval expeditions they kept close to the shore, and landed to take their meals, as stage coaches stop for the passengers to take their dinner. When about to engage, they took down their sail, and depended entirely on their oars, as they could then advance or retreat, according to circumstances. The ships of war being long or narrow, and crowded with men, could not bear up against a high wind; but the ships of burden, or the round ships, as they were called, were adapted for the wind; they were worked by fewer hands, and fit for longer voyages. The principal vessels used at first were triremens, or ships with three banks of oars; but the Phœnicians or Carthaginians constructed vessels of four and even five banks of oars; vessels built for stateliness and show had sometimes a greater number. Ships of war had, usually, a beak of wood covered with brass placed on their prows, for the purpose of annoying the ships of the enemy.—*Gilbart's Commerce of the Ancients.*

Danger Attending Precocious Development.

There can be no doubt that many a child has been sacrificed in early youth to the pride of parents, who, delighted with the intelectual activity of their children, have striven to make them prodigies of learning. But in these cases of early and undue employment of the brain, inflammation of the hemispherical ganglion, or of the lining membrane of the ventricles, with serious effusion, has usually been the cause of either a fatal issue or of subsequent mental imbecility. The late Mr. Deville related to me an interesting case of this kind. An extremely intelligent boy, of about twelve years of age, was brought to him for phrenological examination by a parent who was very proud of the intellectual endowments of his child. Mr. Deville gave his opinion of the boy's character, at the same time cautioning the father of the dangerous course he was pursuing. But the father's reply was, "All that other boys considered labor and hard study are mere child's play to him; that his studies could not be hurting him, he enjoyed them so much."—Again Mr. Deville endeavored to save the child, but the father would not attend to the warning. Two years from that time the father again called on Mr. Deville, and in reply to his inquiries after his child, the father burst into tears; his child was an idiot.—*Solly on the Brain.*

Crows and Ants.

In *Hoffmeister's Letters from the East* we read that one morning Hoffmeister was very successful in collecting butterflies, and a great number of birds were shot by himself and his companions.—"I carefully unpacked them, and had hardly laid them for a moment in the sun, to dry, when a servant came in with the news, 'Master! crows come, take yellow birds!' I looked round, and, sure enough, half the birds were gone.—I hastily caught up the remainder, and brought them in-doors; but in half an hour I perceived that millions of microscopic ants had picked the skin clean from the feathers, notwithstanding the arsenic I had applied to it. A peep into my insect box completely floored me: the whole collection was turned into dust and dirt. The devil take all vermin! The crows sat very quietly on the open door, as if in mockery of my vexation; and the ants marched in a long black file to my glass of sugar and water, which they filled with their carcases."

Life's Difficulties.

The first thing, depend upon it, is to look upon a new life with a different eye; to resolve firmly and strongly to grapple with the change which fortune has forced upon you, and to wring from it all the benefits which it is capable of yielding; to cast away vain regrets, and make ready for the future as a new being. As you cannot fit your fate to yourself, fit yourself to your fate; and it is wonderful how soon you will find difficulties vanish, disgusts disappear, and new sources of pleasure springing up where you least expected them. If there be anything in the past which goes beyond regret—anything, I mean, that you condemn, repair it as far as you have means, so that the shadow of things that you have left behind you may not cloud the sunshine of those before you.—*Russell, by G. P. R. James.*

Dramatic Criticism.

A dramatic critic in one of the New York papers, speaking of the tragedy of Macbeth, as performed at one of the theatres, comes to the following conclusion, the justice of which will be acknowledged by those who have deeply studied the tragedy:

"From what I could make out of the play, I don't think Macbeth was a good moral character; and his lady appeared to me to possess a dictatorial temper, and have very loose notions of hospitality; which, together, with an unpleasant habit of talking to herself, and walking about *en chemise*, must render her a decidedly unpleasant companion."

Woman.

"The woman's cause is man's; they rise or sink
Together, dwarf'd or godlike, bond or free;
For she that out of Lethe scales with man
The shining steps of nature, shares with man
His nights, his days, moves with him to the goal;
Stays all the fair young planet in her hands—
If she be small, slight-natur'd, miserable,
How shall men grow?"
* * * * * * * * *
"For woman is not undeveloped man
But diverse: could we make her as the man,
Sweet love were slain, whose dearest bond is this
Not like to like, but like in difference:
Yet in the long years liker must they grow;
The man be more of woman, she of man:
He gain in sweetness and in moral height,
Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world;
She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care;
More as the double-natured Poet each:
Till at the last she set herself to man,
Like perfect music unto noble words;
And so these twain, upon the skirts of Time,
Sit side by side, full-summ'd in all their powers,
Dispensing harvest, sowing the To-be,
Self-reverent each and reverencing each,
Distinct in individualities,
But like each other ev'n as those who love.
Then comes the statelier Eden back to man:
Then returns the world's great bridals, chaste and calm;
Then springs the crowning race of humankind."
The Princess, by Alfred Tennyson.

The Days that are no More.

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy Autumn-fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
That brings our friends up from the underworld,
Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge;
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah, sad and strange as in *dark summer dawns*
The earliest pipe of half awaken'd birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remember'd kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feign'd
On lips that are for others; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;
O, Death in Life, the days that are no more."
The Princess, by Alfred Tennyson.

Virtuous actions, the best Monument.

A man's best monument is his virtuous actions. Foolish is the hope of immortality and future praise, by the cost of senseless stone—when the passenger shall only say, here lies a fair stone and a filthy carcass. That can only report thee rich; but for other praises, thyself must build thy monument alive, and write thy own epitaph in honest and honorable actions. Which are so much more noble than the other, as living men are better than dead stones: nay, I know not if the other be not the way to work a perpetual succession of infamy, while the censorious reader, upon occasion thereof, shall comment upon thy bad life, whereas in this, every man's heart is a tomb, and every man's tongue writeth an epitaph upon the well-behaved. Either I will procure me such a monument to be remembered by, or else it is better to be inglorious than infamous.—*Bishop Hall.*

The Spanish proverb is too true—"Dead men and absent, find no friends." All mouths are boldly opened with a conceit of impunity. My ear shall be no grave, to bury my friend's good name. But as I will be my present friend's self, so will I be my absent friend's deputy, to say for him what he would, and cannot, speak for himself.—*Bishop Hall.*

It is fitter for youth to learn than teach, and for age to teach than learn; and yet fitter for an old man to learn than to be ignorant. I know I shall never know so much that I cannot learn more, and I hope I shall never live so long as till I be too old to learn.—*Bishop Hall.*

Riches, or beauty, or whatever worldly good that hath been, doth but grieve us; that which is, doth not satisfy us; that which shall be, is uncertain. What folly is it to trust to any of them!—*Bishop Hall.*

It is a great misery to be either always, or never, alone. Society of men hath not so much gain as distraction. In greatest company, I will be alone to myself; in greatest privacy, in company with God.—*Bishop Hall.*

It is good dealing with that over which we have the most power. If my estate will not be framed to my mind, I will labor to frame my mind to my estate.—*Bishop Hall.*

I care not so much, in any thing, for multitude as for choice. Books and friends I will not have many; I had rather seriously converse with a few, than wander amongst many.—*Bishop Hall.*

Great men's favors, friends' promises, and dead men's shoes, I will esteem, but not trust to.—*Bishop Hall.*

Truth. The pillar of fire which leads on man to the promised land. The world's heir-apparent.

AGRICULTURAL.

Are Potatoes an Exhausting Crop?—A Correspondent asks the above question. We answer that they certainly are. Perhaps they will not exhaust the fertility of a soil so rapidly as some other crops, such as wheat, Indian corn, and other grains; but they nevertheless exhaust. How can it be otherwise? By exhausting a soil, we mean the carrying off from that soil in the crop that we harvest and put into the barn a certain portion of that soil, which is essential to the growth and maturity of that crop or of many other crops. Now you cannot obtain a crop of potatoes from a field unless a certain part of that field enters into the tops and bottoms of the potatoes, and form them into the shape and quality and size that we desire. Let us look at the matter a little. The soil is made up of clay and potash and flint, called silex and lime, &c., &c. You plant potatoes upon it, and they draw these ingredients into their system and increase abundantly. Their tops are large and luxuriant, and their roots are plump and heavy. In the fall you harvest them; the tops you carry into your barn yard, and the roots into your cellar. You have now carried off a portion of that soil in another shape from what it was in the spring. If you should give a chemist some of them and request him to analyze them, he will separate the ingredients which they have pumped up from the soil, and give them to you in your hand—from every hundred pounds of the ashes made from the potatoes he will give you four pounds of potash and a little more, two pounds and a fraction of soda, about a third of a pound of lime, about the same quantity of magnesia, about a twentieth of a pound of clay, and a tenth of a pound of flint, besides several other ingredients in small quantities.

From a hundred pounds of the ashes made of the tops, he will give you more than eight pounds of potash, almost thirteen pounds of lime, a pound and a half of magnesia, about a third of a pound of flint, &c., &c. We lay these proportions down as a general rule—they will of course vary very much, because soils vary very much; but we trust that these facts and views will convince our friend that he cannot raise potatoes on a soil without exhausting it more or less of its material, and that it is a part of good farming to return again to that soil, in some shape or other, the material required to give him another crop.—*Mr. Farmer.*

Culture of Asparagus.—The finest asparagus produced in this vicinity, or at least that which brings the highest price in our markets, is grown by Mr. Daniel Smith, at Matinecock, Long Island. The asparagus bed contains about three acres, and lies on the bay, about ten feet above high-water mark.

The method of culture is simply thus: Early in March, Mr. S. cuts off the tops of the asparagus, and then gives the land a thick coat of barn yard or city manure. As soon after the frost is out, and the ground is dry enough, he plows up the whole field about nine inches deep, just as he would any field for a crop of corn, and without regard to cutting the asparagus roots. He then harrows and rolls the field, leaving the asparagus to shoot up at will.

The variety of asparagus which Mr. S. cultivates, he thinks highly of; but we are of opinion that the soil and situation happen to be exactly of that right kind to produce a first rate article. It is a free, deep, rich loam, unquestionably well impregnated with salt. It ought to be analyzed as well as the asparagus plant. We should then know what constitutes a good asparagus soil. Will not some rich citizen, who is particularly fond of asparagus, contribute a few dollars for such an analysis? How many thousands of dollars are annually thrown away in this city, on miserable tom-fooleries, which might be expended in the advancement of the science of horticulture.

Any of our readers desirous of tasting this asparagus, will find it at Clark & Brown's, Maiden Lane. A single bunch of thirty shoots frequently weighs 4½ lbs.

A Productive Apple Tree.—It is stated that an apple tree in Duxbury, Massachusetts, has yielded *one hundred and twenty-one* bushels of fruit in a single season, a quantity sufficient to make fifteen barrels of cider.

Lime.—It has been estimated that carbonate of lime constitutes one eighth of the entire crust of the globe.